

# The Gods in September

It was September again and so there were seven gods.

There are two gods in April and so the Dualistic religions can enjoy being right for that entire month before May begins and the gods then are Three.

In June there are four gods and in July there are five. In August there are six gods, in September seven, in October eight, in November nine, in December ten and in January eleven. In February there are twelve gods except on Leap Years when the thirteenth god makes an appearance. In March there is only one god but a different one each year, whoever's turn it happens to be.

Barney was the god of Free Will. That was his particular domain. The other gods sometimes envied Barney because his was an easy job. Make sure people have Free Will, that was simple enough, he didn't have to do anything most of the time. Just let them get on with it.

Free means Free.

Any human who was daft enough to pray to Barney would usually get a busy signal, an engaged tone, a disconnected noise or, worst of all, three hours of an uninspired rendition of Vivaldi's The Four Seasons. No point in asking Barney what you should do. The answer was always going to be "Figure it out for yourself" or "How should I know? What am I supposed to be? Fate?"

Barney was off doing his own thing. He or She, or It, or They (because all gods are gender fluid of course) was the Huckleberry Finn MacCool of the September gods.

And Barney's opposite number was the god of Fate.

Fate was not one of the September gods. He/She/They only manifested in the merry month of May when there were three gods and He/She/They were all three of them. Barney and Fate had opposite functions. Fate, or "The Fates" or Hecate decided what would happen to everybody. As this gave the Fates too much power Barney loosened up the bonds of Fate and gave everyone some leeway to do their own thing. To avoid confusion Barney and Hecate were seldom seen in the same room as each other.

The Fates had a servant in the mortal world. Michael Kristen. He lived in the 1970s and was the lead singer in a glam rock band, "The Living Beginning End". As a servant of The Fates Michael was triune, there was a living version of him, a dead version of him and a fictional version. Michael was supposed to help Fate by manipulating events, making things happen as intended. Michael's job got difficult in September, when Barney was around, powering up people's free will.

This September Barney was spending time with his Sister/Father Sharon, the god of Creation. In addition to their gender fluidity the gods also enjoy fluid family relationships to each other. Sharon was both father and mother, sister and brother, son and daughter and second cousin twice removed in relation to Barney. They could also sometimes be friends or enemies or line managers or apprentices to each other.

Sharon was a great cook. By virtue of being the Creator god He was able to get ingredients which were hard to source and She never had to wait in line at the supermarket. He/She/They simply created whatever they needed from the swirling chaotic nothingness at the heart of reality. We've all got one. (A swirling chaotic nothingness I mean, not a heart, obviously).

Barney watched, enthralled, as Sharon created a multi-oven arrangement in which fruits, vegetables, beans and tantalising pie constructions rotated, browning and crackling in the heat and wafted savoury smells of deliciousness straight up Barney's quivering nostrils to her/his eager brain-like organ in his main head.

Barney sat on the red velvet couch in the living room adjoining the kitchen. She/They/He was enjoying the thrill of impending dinner. Suddenly the lights went out. In pitch blackness Sharon and Barney stumbled around. "Let there be light!" demanded Sharon. Light came into existence. It didn't help much.

They were in a completely different place. Somehow at the same time as they had been plunged into darkness they had been transported to somewhere else. The smells had changed too. They were obviously nowhere near their anticipated meal and everything now smelled of diesel fuel. They were in a stairwell. A spiralling grey metal staircase which seemed to descend forever and, in the other direction, to ascend into a similar mindboggling infinity. A screeching drone of seemingly mechanical origin keened mournfully in the distance.

Barney yelled "What the hell is going on?"

With her creator god powers Sharon created some kind of technology thing which shone with polished metal and twinkling lights. The gadget hovered in the air and Sharon said "Hang on. I'm sending this device on a search mission. Any minute now we'll know what——" Sharon abruptly stopped speaking as the walls turned into carnivorous pumpkins with lantern eyes and the spiral staircase became a gigantic serpent. "Forget it" She said, "I think we know what this is".

Barney nodded slowly as he noticed a shadowed figure hiding between the pumpkins. "What's this all about?" asked Sharon.

The shadowed figure emerged from between the slavering, tooth gnashing gourds. She smiled a very friendly smile.

"Hell-Oh!" She simpered, "I mislaid my dinner invitation, darlings".

"Of course you did, sister/brother Nightmare" chorused Barney and Sharon.

Emanating a level of fear which warped reality in all directions, Nightmare hugged his/her siblings. It was nice to be together again.

Meanwhile Life, Clarity, Hope and Repulsion, the four other gods of September, were en route to Sharon's New York flat in a taxi driven by some sort of abstract expressionist repressed manifestation of the Oedipus complex wearing blue denim and a badge which declared him to be Water, or possibly Walter. Repulsion was wearing a purple polka-dotted pink and lime green polythene rustic smock with winkle-picker shoes and carrying an orange handbag by Prada. Her smock was adorned with Jimmy Carter election buttons complimented by splashes of mustard and ketchup. She smelled of corpses and rice pudding cunningly offset by the odour of a holiday caravan chemical toilet. Hope was leaning out of the open window. Clarity was meditating as usual. Life was there for the experience.

Remember  
In September.  
There are Seven  
Gods in Heaven.

Remember with Elation  
The God of Creation,

Remember in your strife  
The God of Life,

Remember with revulsion  
The God of Repulsion,

Remember all the fright there  
with The God of Nightmare,

Remember and be still  
with The God of Free Will,

Remember with hilarity  
The God of Clarity,

Remember in a clichéd trope  
The God of Hope.